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BLONDIE

NO. 199
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CHIC YOUNG'S ALL NEW

BLONDIE

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

BEATIN' AGAIN— IT'S A DOGGONE SHAME!!

PAUL FUNG JR.

00709

BLONDIE

IN

CAUGHT NAPPING

DAISY, FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER PLACE TO SLEEP— I WANT TO LIE DOWN THERE MYSELF!

#@!★×

DID YOU! HEAR WH SHE CALLED ME?

NONSENSE! DOGS CAN'T TALK ... SHE JUST GROWLED A LITTLE!

BLONDIE

D-2956

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nomscans

YEH...BUT I KNOW WHAT SHE MEANT!

THAT OUGHT TO TEACH HER TO RESPECT HER MASTER ~~ NOW TO TAKE MY NAP!

DAGWOOD, THE MAN IS HERE TO MEASURE THE SOFA FOR SLIP-COVERS! WAKE-UP, DEAR!

Z-Z

WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE HIM...HE SLEEPS SO SOUNDLY!

Z-Z

HE SURE DOES! ARE YOU SURE HE ISN'T SICK, OR SOMETHING?

Z-Z

I'VE FINISHED, MRS. BUMSTEAD... DO YOU WANT TO PUT THE BODY BACK ON THE SOFA?

RING

IT NEVER FAILS! WHEN I NAP SOMEONE ALWAYS RINGS THE DOOR BELL!

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR... I'M SELLING A VERY EXTRA SPECIAL ITEM — DELUXE SNAIL TONGS!

BEAT IT! WHILE I'M STILL IN A GOOD MOOD ... SCRAM!

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF! EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A SET!

OH, CUT THAT OUT!

SNAIL TONGS! I WISH ALL SALESMEN WERE THAT SIZE...HE WAS SO LIGHT AND EASY TO THROW OUT~~ I COULD HAVE USED THOSE TONGS TO DO IT! HAW-HAW!

I'M SORRY, BOSS...I'M JUST A FAILURE...I CAN'T SEEM TO SELL THE PRODUCT! I'M A FLY IN THE OINT-MENT OF THE NATIONAL ECONOMY!

YEH~~ SO IT SEEMS ...TURN IN YOUR TONGS!

SALES MGR.

ON SECOND THOUGHT, COME WITH ME~~ I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO BE AN AGGRESSIVE SUPER SALESMAN WITH SALESMANSHIP!

I'M WITH YOU, BOSS!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

RING

OH, NO — NOT AGAIN!

HE DOESN'T LIKE ME!

YOU DON'T LIKE SALESMEN! HE TELLS ME YOU'RE ANTI-BUSINESS!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS ... I JUST DON'T WANT ANY SNAIL TONGS!

YOU'RE HURTING THE NATIONAL ECONOMY!

GIVE HIM A SOCK! HIT HIM HARD, BOSS!

UGH! WAIT! LET GO! I'LL GET MY WALLET... IT'S UPSTAIRS!

YOU KEEP YOUR FOOT IN THE DOOR IN CASE HE CHANGES HIS MIND!

I WISH I WAS BIG ENOUGH TO BE AGGRESSIVE LIKE YOU...YOU MAKE IT SEEM SO EASY!

YOU HAVE TO OUTSMART THE BIG, AGGRESSIVE ONES EVERY TIME!

SPLAT!

CLICK!

YA-H! NOW TO FINISH MY NAP!

?

?

I SAW THAT...THE PUPS GOT THERE FIRST!

THE END

BLONDIE®

in FOURTH DOWN, AND OUT!

LOOK, MAMA, DADDY IS PLAYING FOOTBALL! THE FATHERS ARE PLAYING THE SONS! OH-OH... IT'S A ROUGH GAME!

WE GOT HIM!

OOF!

SNAP!

D-300!

HOLD STILL... THIS HOT TOWEL WILL TAKE SOME OF THE HURT AWAY!

OKAY...HURRY, I'VE GOT TO BE BACK ~THE FATHERS ARE SIX POINTS BEHIND!

I FEEL GREAT! THANKS, DEAR ~ HERE I GO ~BACK INTO THE FRAY!

BE CAREFUL, DEAR ~ PLEASE!

BLITZ HIM!

OH, DAGWOOD ~ YOU'RE ALL BRUISES FROM HEAD TO TOE!

JUST SMEAR ON THE LINIMENT... I'VE GOT TO GET BACK INTO THE GAME!

HERE I COME, MEN! WE'LL GET THAT TOUCHDOWN THIS TIME!

DAGWOOD, REMEMBER YOU'RE NOT AS YOUNG AS YOU USED TO BE!

YOU'RE OUTA BOUNDS!

CRUNCH!

MAMA...COME QUICK! POP'S KNOCKED OUT FLATTER THAN A PANCAKE!

OH, NO!

OH!

WE'RE TRYING TO GET HIS JOINTS BACK IN THEIR SOCKETS!

OHH-H... THAT FEELS GOOD!

SNAP!

SNAP!

SNAP!

OKAY, MEN... I'M READY TO GO AGAIN... I'LL TAKE THE BALL AND WE'LL GET THAT TOUCHDOWN THIS TIME — OR MY NAME ISN'T FLASH BUMSTEAD FOR NOTHING...

YIPPEE!

LET GO OF ME! I WANNA GET BACK IN THE GAME! THEY NEED ME!

SORRY, DAD!

YOU'VE BEEN THROWN FOR A LOSS... BESIDES, HUSBANDS DON'T GROW ON TREES!

THE END

BLONDIE IN Up and at Him

ALL RIGHT, PUPS ... I WANT YOU TO GET DADDY UP FOR ME OR HE'LL BE LATE TO WORK!

CHARGE

THAT NEVER FAILS — HIS TEMPERMENT WON'T BE AT HIS BEST — BUT HE'LL GET UP!

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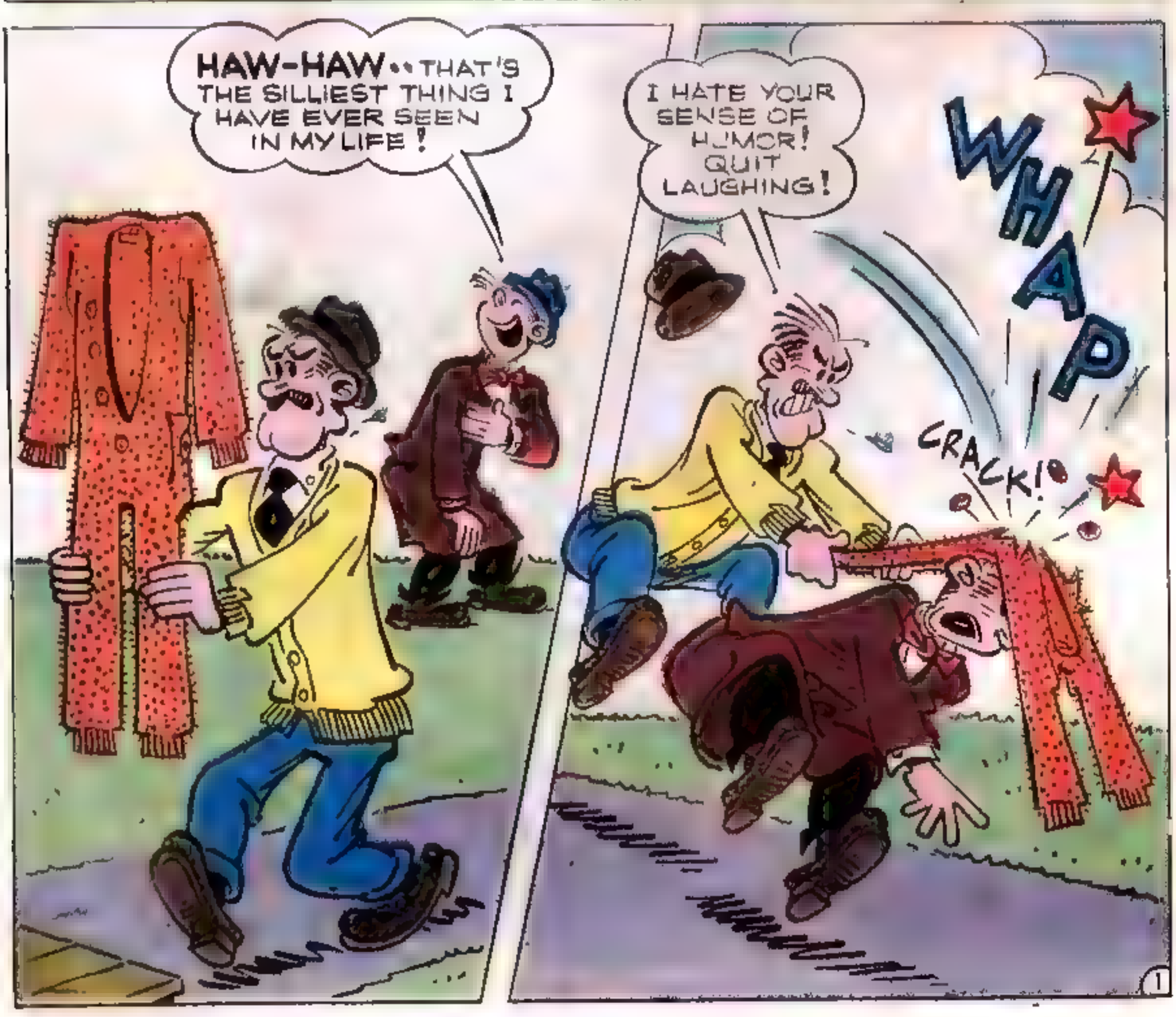
Z Z Z

The END

DAGWOOD

IN

BLOW YOUR OWN HORN



NOBODY WILL EVER BELIEVE I HAD A SUIT OF LONG UNDERWEAR BROKEN OVER MY HEAD!

BLONDIE, HERB JUST TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO TAKE TROMBONE LESSONS — AND YOU AND I KNOW HE HASN'T ANY TALENT FOR MUSIC!

ARE YOU SURE THAT SMACK ON YOUR HEAD DIDN'T EFFECT YOUR HEARING! AND IF HE DOES — THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

HEY, DAGWOOD, **LISTEN!** I'M TAKING A LESSON ON MY TROMBONE!

BLAT!

OH, NO! **SEE!?** IT'S STARTED!

HE'LL RUIN THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THIS WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD UNLESS HE CAN BE STOPPED!

THERE ISN'T MUCH WE CAN DO!

TOOT!

BLAT!

DAGWOOD, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

I'M GOING OVER AND CONGRATULATE HERB... BUT BEFORE I DO, TELL ME WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE CLOTHES-LINE?

LISTEN TO THIS — MY DEEP, DEEP STATELY RESONANT BASS NOTES! BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW I HAD SUCH TALENT, DID YOU?

BEAUTIFUL, HERB... JUST BEAUTIFUL! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD A FAT LIP! HA-HA — GET THE JOKE, HERB?

WHILE HE'S IN THE KITCHEN, I'LL TIE THE ROPE TO THIS HORN AND THROW THE OTHER END OUT THE WINDOW!

YOUR LIPS DO GET DRY — AND I HAVE TO DEVELOPE MORE PUCKER POWER! COME, DAGWOOD — HAVE SOME COFFEE WITH ME!

I HAVE TO GO NOW, BUT FIRST HERE'S A TOAST TO YOU AND THE TROMBONE!

CLICK!

THANKS, PAL — TO MY MUSICAL CAREER!

DAGWOOD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TIED TO THE OTHER END OF THAT ROPE?

GUESS! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE GUESS!

?

WHY THAT GOOD FOR NOTHING BUMSTEAD! I HAVE HIM THIS TIME. HIS GOOSE IS COOKED!

BAM!

CRASH!

AH...SUCCESS...HERE IT IS... AND MY SUPERIOR THINKING HAS PAID OFF... HE'LL NEVER KNOW JUST WHERE HIS TROMBONE WENT!

BUMSTEAD, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU!

THANKS FOR MY TROMBONE, AND HERE IS A BILL FOR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS DAMAGE TO MY FURNITURE...IT'S ALL ITEMIZED!

DAGWOOD, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT NOW?

The END

LAUGH a LOT

Who Paus for the Bait?

He stoppal his car in the driveway of the big luxurious resort hotel. The door man came over to scold him. Then he saw Mr. Winston - who owned the place. The young millionaire hotel owner crossed the big lobby. Then he saw HER! He shook his head in disbelief. Heran to the desk and grabbed the manager.

"Who is she?" he demanded. "Never saw anything like her before."

"Name is Helen Carson," said the manager. "You' are just another one of her admirers."

At dinner she was informed her table had been changed. It was a table for two. The maitre D made the introduction

"I didn't arrange this," she smiled. "So it must be you."

Young Mr. Winston cancelled out all his business appointments. He remained at his own hotel. And he was with her at the pool, the tennis courts, at the dining table, and at the night club. At the end of two weeks each knew they were in love with the other. And it was serious.

"Will you marry me?" he said to her in his best voice.

"Only if you know that I am just a plain secretary. With a rather big selection of clothing."

So they were married. And it made the social headlines. When they came back from the honeymoon there were some bills for him. He spoke to his wife.

"The bills are for the clothing you bought to look so wonderful. I will pay them. But it strikes me funny asking a fish to pay for the bait used to catch him."

••••••••

Those Wonderful Pills

Let us say that he was just a little short of brains and good common sense. But he did have a kind heart and people liked him very much. In one year he held and lost nine jobs. But he had a very rich uncle. Who made him his sole heir. Left him a trust fund so that every week he got a substantial check. You would then conclude he had no worries at all. But when you have time on your hands, you worry. You have time on your hands for one big thing - thinking about yourself. So he became a first rate hypochondriac.

You name the illness, and he thought he had it. His favorite physician was Dr. Hiram Bellows. Who once remarked:

"If I ever wrote a medical book it would be about him. He even invents illnesses we haven't as yet discovered."

On this Thursday he came with his many complaints: He had a ringing in his right ear; his left thumb felt numb; he had a pain in his stomach; his neck muscles seemed stiff, etc. The wise physician wrote the prescription in latin. It called for a variety of colored sugar candy pills. He was physically perfect! !

The druggist handed our sufferer several bottles and explained the pills to him carefully:

"The blue pills are for your right ear; the pink pills are for your left thumb; the red pills are for your stomach; the white pills are for your neck muscles; and the orange pills are for your tongue."

He almost floored the druggist when he asked him this:

"Please tell me how each pill knows where to go and isn't it possible that they can get mixed up and the white pill goes where the red pill should go?"

••••••••

Nature Boy

You will find his type at any public beach, park, or recreational center. His age varies. Anywhere from 16 to even 75. Look at him during the summer time. He is on a public beach. We will call him Just Joe. Age is about 26, give a year or so more or less. He does his exercises every morning in the sand. And that includes standing on his head. The police know him and leave him alone. Even though the city ordinance prohibits exercises on the beach. He is a very friendly fellow . Will talk to anyone.

"If you follow the rules of Mother Nature" he always begins, "You will never be ill. You can live to be a hundred and in full possession of all of your faculties. What is killing us today is that everything we do and eat is artificial. Keep this always in mind: AVOID ARTIFICIAL! Do you eat Nature's foods or do you eat the artificial items they sell you."

On this particular day he met Selma. She was impressed by his muscles and his way of speaking.

"They tell me you are a wonderful diver and swimmer," she said. That was enough to start him off. He walked to the end of the jetty and made a perfect dive. Unfortunately his head hit a rock. Two lifesavers got to him in record time. Brought him back to the beach.

"He's still conscious," said one of the lifesavers. "We give him artificial respiration. Ought to bring him around quickly."

Just Joe opened one eye and gasped out his one request:

"Not artificial respiration. Nothing artificial. Give me natural respiration."

••••••••

WHEN MAMA WAS A GIRL

OH, WILLIAM, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HOME EARLY FROM YOUR HORRID OLD OFFICE!

IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME — BUT I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING PLANNED FOR THIS EVENING!

2-3157

YES — THE WHITLOWS ASKED US OVER TO VIEW THEIR NEW LANTERN SLIDES!

I'M AFRAID THAT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE! I HAD TO BRING SOME WORK HOME FROM THE OFFICE!

COULDN'T I HELP YOU? THEN WE'D GET IT DONE EARLY AND.....

WHAT!?

?

NO WIFE OF MINE SHALL HAVE ANY-THING TO DO WITH COMMERCE! THAT IS **MANS** WORK!

I'M SORRY, DEAR!

WOMEN SHOULD HAVE NO INTEREST OTHER THAN IN HER HOME!

OF COURSE, WILLIAM! I DON'T KNOW WHAT POSSESSED ME!

BUT TODAY...

PAUL, YOU'D BETTER PHONE THE HARRIS' AND BREAK OUR DINNER AND THEATRE DATE!

WHAT? BUT WHY, CAROL?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? I'VE GOT A DINNER AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING ~~ OUR NEW FALL PRODUCTS DESIGN IS TO BE SHOWN! TAKE CARE OF JUNIOR!!

OH, SURE ~ OKAY!

...AND DON'T FORGET TO BATHE THE BABY AND SCRUB THE KITCHEN, HUBBY, MINE!

WAH!!

THE END

DAGWOOD In HOUSE CALL

HELLO... IS ANYONE HOME?

OH, NO! WHO CAN THAT BE?

MR. DINGE?

NO!

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG HOUSE!

THE NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE — BUSTING INTO SOMEONE'S HOUSE AND...

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT HOUSE?

END

D-2957

BLONDIE®

in

The RETRIEVER

D-3156

ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO OVER TO THE DITHER'S HOUSE AND INSIST THEY RETURN YOUR UMBRELLA!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO NAG YOU ABOUT IT, DEAR, BUT I WANT MY UMBRELLA BACK!

DAGWOOD...REMEMBER, HE'S YOUR BOSS...DON'T DO ANYTHING TO OFFEND HIM!

I KNOW — DON'T WORRY...I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THESE DELICATE SITUATIONS — BESIDES, I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA!

HELLO, MRS. DITHERS...JUST DROPPED IN FOR A FRIENDLY SOCIAL CALL!

DAGWOOD, HOW NICE — JULIUS WILL BE SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

OH, BOY...NOW, WHILE THEY CAN'T SEE ME, I'LL STICK OUR UMBRELLA DOWN MY PANTS LEG!

SIT DOWN, DAGWOOD, AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE WHILE WE CHAT...HOW ABOUT SOMETHING TO DRINK?

OH, ER...SURE—I'LL HAVE SOMETHING—I FEEL LIKE STANDING, MR. DITHERS...ER... I'VE BEEN SITTING ALL DAY!

JULIUS, WHERE'S THE UMBRELLA? I'M GOING SHOPPING AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT WILL RAIN!

HOW SHOULD I KNOW—I DIDN'T TAKE IT! I DON'T HIDE THINGS!

YOU TOOK IT TO THE COUNTRY CLUB OR THE BOWLING ALLEY AND FORGOT TO BRING IT HOME — YOU'RE ALWAYS DOING DUMB THINGS LIKE THAT!

CORA, I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS AND I DID NOT TAKE IT! OUCH! OUCH!

OH, MY GOSH — I'D BETTER PUT THE UMBRELLA BACK — I DIDN'T EXPECT THEM TO HAVE AN ARGUMENT OVER A LITTLE THING SUCH AS THIS — IT MIGHT BREAK UP THEIR HAPPY HOME!

OUCH!

OW!

CORA, STOP!

QUICK HAND THAT TO ME!

NO! NO! DAGWOOD, NO!

HERE'S THE UMBRELLA, MRS. DITHERS!

WHY NOT, MR. DITHERS?

3

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

YOU TOOK IT! YOU LEFT IT SOMEWHERE! I KNOW YOU DID — YOU WORM! DAGWOOD WAS KIND ENOUGH TO FIND IT FOR ME! SEE!

ZONK!

BUMSTEAD, YOU'RE STUPID! STUPID! DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO HAND A WOMAN AN UMBRELLA WHILE SHE'S ARGUING WITH HER HUSBAND? STOP RUNNING SO I CAN GIVE YOU A GOOD SMACK!

WHAM! WHAM! BOP!

WELL, BLONDIE... I GOT YOUR UMBRELLA BACK! THEY SURE ARE HARD ON UMBRELLAS!

!

THE END

DAGWOOD in UP TIGHT!

DAGWOOD — I WANT YOU TO STOP IN AT SKIFFS DEPARTMENT STORE AND PICK UP MY NEW GIRDLE FOR ME!

SHH-H...QUIET...I WANT TO PICK UP MY WIFE'S GIRDLE!

LOUDER, PLEASE... I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

MISS FIPPS, THIS MAN WANTS A GIRDLE!

WHAT SIZE GIRDLE DO YOU WANT, SIR? CAN I INTEREST YOU IN PANTI-HOSE, TOO?

WHERE CAN I CRAWL AND HIDE?

END

D-3000